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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, AUGUST 30, 1915.

TEDDY THE TIRE SOME AND DR. FLAM.

Whether it is because he is now satisfied that he is down and out with the German-American vote doesn't matter—America is not counting votes just at the present time,—but it is practically certain that one T. Roosevelt, sometime president, is the great distinguished member of the "Who's Who" aggregation which would plunk the country into war on grounds reported by the British censorship, in the Arabic case.

Most folks wouldn't go to fighting fleas on anything furnished by that censorship. Woodrow Wilson, knowing that Great Britain would like to settle her own disputes with us by sickening us upon Germany, will wait for substantiated facts.

Teddy has got into the habit of shutting both eyes, pulling both triggers and letting both barrels go into the wide, wide world, and it is a habit that's making his best friends tired and sick. And he has his counterpart who is making some of us sick also—this from the angle of the Germans.

Reference is made to Dr. Oswald Flam's explanation of the Lusitania disaster. To people outside of Germany it seems to carry about as much weight as does Col. Roosevelt's rantings. His censorship on the Lusitania is just about as sane as Britain's probably is with regard to the sinking of the Arabic. Dr. Flam (whose middle name, however, is not Flam) has absolutely proved, in a Berlin newspaper, that it was the British who sank the Lusitania, and anybody who rejects his reasoning is incapable of logic, or is unneutral at heart.

First, he proves it by abstract reasoning. England caused the sinking of the Lusitania because that would have been a natural thing for her to do. "She had the very greatest interest in causing the loss of a really important ship, with simultaneous destruction of numerous American lives, by a German submarine." England knew, of course, that in case of such a loss there would be an ultimatum from Washington and England would gain American moral support or even American participation in the war.

So England plotted deliberately to bring the Lusitania within range of a German submarine, and made it as easy as possible for the submarine to torpedo her.

Dr. Flam reinforces this conclusion with an argument based on circumstantial evidence. The "subject unscrupulousness of the English government" is shown by the fact that the well-built Lusitania sank "within the incredible space of twenty minutes." After a careful analysis of the ship structure and the whole situation, he concludes that the disaster was caused not by the German torpedo that hit the Lusitania, but by a second explosion, "artificially and intentionally caused by some paid individual on board for the purpose of insuring the certain destruction of the vessel."

What condemnation can be strong enough for the utter criminality and cold-blooded cruelty of a nation that will thus aid and abet the German navy in slaughtering 1,400 noncombatants, for the sake of military advantage?

And isn't it possible, too, that England is deliberately plotting against Germany by always having women and children where they will be killed by the bombs dropped by the Zeppelin airships?

Were it not for the average common sense of the American people, it seems that between such men as Dr. Flam and Col. Roosevelt, they might be led to believe most anything.

GOOD FOR THE DEAF AND BLIND.
Defense of the city council and of Mayor Keller's administration for insisting upon the retention of the four cent tax levy which formerly went to the city hall fund—no longer needed,—this, on the theory that there was a growing city, and that the \$5,000 it will bring is needed to keep apace, sounds good as long as you listen with your eyes and ears shut.

In addition to this it must be remembered that the assessed valuation of South Bend's tax revenue producing property has been boosted approximately \$2,000,000 this year, and that the city, in excess of former years, will collect \$1.25 on each \$100 of that. It means about \$25,800 or a total of \$33,000 more that the city will have to go on during the next year, than ever before.

We hope this will be sufficient for our very economical, money-saving administration to do with. Not having increased the salaries of any of the policemen—except the policeman—general improvements, one might infer, are to thrive during 1916, in a most remarkable way. It must be recalled too, that all increases of salaries for the firemen, have been eliminated. We cannot say whether it is planned later to tack a few hundred dollars to the salary of the superintendent of waterworks or not, due to the economies that have been forced upon him by the administration that precedes the present one, but be that as it may,

even with another policewoman added to the expense of the government, the administration will have some \$30,000, all contingencies eliminated, more to do business with than ever before in the city's history.

Of course, there are places where the money can be used to advantage. Maybe another "Quilhot flasco"—a phrase borrowed from our evening contemporary,—will be put on to consume it in part. We have also been waiting with patience for some definite light on the number of fortunes the board of works has saved from its city cemetery reform. We cannot go into these things so very much in detail, because, if we did, with us, of course, it would be "naxing," and so we merely mention them in passing—not wishing to cause anyone any embarrassment.

BERLIN CHANGES FRONT.
Recent messages from Berlin have brought profound relief to this country. They are accepted as virtual assurance that Germany will make proper amends for the Arabic attack, even if she persists in her stubborn refusal to grant reparations for the Lusitania victims. At any rate, the war clouds are dissolving. And that is an incalculable blessing for both nations.

The German people do not want war with us, and certainly we do not want war with them. Our quarrel has been with a few wrong-headed statesmen in Berlin, who not only directed the naval crimes that interrupted the friendship of the two nations, but directed the German propaganda of "frightfulness" and of popular hostility to America that have driven the two nations farther and farther from mutual understanding.

Now, it appears, those militarist-statesmen are coming to their senses and trying to repair the harm already done. Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg has said, or at least has allowed the inference to be drawn, that the submarine captain who sank the Arabic must have exceeded his orders—that instructions had been issued for naval commanders under all circumstances to protect the lives of Americans. If this is true, there will surely be a disavowal and reparation, and a better understanding for the future.

Moreover, if it is true, it means that Germany, even while refusing to yield to our demands in a written or spoken pledge, had definitely decided to yield and had modified her sea warfare accordingly. The German government would have been far wiser if it had suited the word to the act, instead of behaving like a naughty child who when rebuked, insists that he "won't be good"—even while he's mending his behavior.

DON'T ENVY THE OLD ROMANS.
We're not greatly impressed with the picture of ancient Roman up-to-dateness given by Dr. M. Coburn, archaeologist of Allegheny college at Meadville, Pa.

Doubtless the Romans had some sort of shorthand system, but we've never heard of any Roman typewriters or dictographs, or even of any Roman maiden that earned \$15 a week for taking dictation.

If they really had elevators in the best homes, as Dr. Coburn avers, we'd like to know whether they ran by electricity or steam or slave power, or whether the passenger pulled himself up hand over hand.

As for "pipe organs driven by water power," they may have had them—maybe Saint Cecilia really played one in the third century—and maybe that's what she was martyred for, because they must have been mighty poor instruments compared with ours.

They had flats for rent; but fancy a flat with no elevator, no dumb waiter, no fire escape, no telephone, no steam heat and no windows!

Their roads were better than ours, but their only way of traveling over them was in springless chariots that would jolt the innards out of a modern.

We're just as well satisfied to live in the twentieth century, when it's in the power of almost any family to own a little runabout and canned-music machine and a dwelling equipped with comforts and luxuries that were beyond the reach of the Caesars.

BIG GUNS FOR COAST DEFENSE.
It is reassuring to learn that our coast defenses are to be strengthened with 16-inch guns of a new type, expected to prove stronger and more effective than any other fortification guns in the world.

They are not yet built, but plans for them have been completed and the fortifications board has recommended that they be constructed to replace the 14-inch guns in our most important defenses. Their value consists not so much in their longer range as in their greater weight of metal. They will throw projectiles weighing 2,200 pounds, 600 pounds more than the 14-inch guns. They are expected to prove effective against the most powerful weapons of offense carried by modern battleships.

In this connection it is remarked that even the famous British super-

dreadnought Queen Elizabeth, with her armament of 15-inch guns, has not succeeded in reducing the Dardanelles forts, and these new guns will be far superior to any at the Dardanelles. They are expected to outrange all battleship guns; but that is not necessarily important. A battleship is at a disadvantage because it is very vulnerable, and because, being in motion, it cannot be sure of its aim. Coast guns merely equal to those of an attacking fleet but mounted on solid foundations and fired according to a system which has previous charted every yard of the area they cover, are almost certain to win in fair battle.

It should be easy for the new guns to repel any enemy at Cape Henry, Sandy Hook, Panama, Colon and other important defensive coast points, thus protecting our national capital, our principal seaport cities and the canal.

FAIR TO ALL.
Col. Goethals, governor of the Panama Canal Zone, has again shown his real bigness in recommending that civil employes on the canal who have served continuously for three years be given a cash bonus by congress, inasmuch as such rewards have been voted to army officers and engineers on the canal work.

We believe, with Gov. Goethals, that the large bonus voted to the army officers, merely for doing their duty faithfully, is unwarranted, but inasmuch as it has been done there is no good reason why the real ditch diggers who stuck it out should not receive the same recognition. Merely from a dollars and cents standpoint, it is becoming apparent that the sum of money necessary to do so is but a trifle compared to the value of the work their faithful service wrought.

HELPING THE BLIND.
Occasionally, the cablegrams are positively silly. Here's one: Official London tonight finds it difficult to conceive of a motive for the attack. Although the Arabic has been in the arms carrying trade since the beginning of the war, she was bound for New York with a cargo of general merchandise.

We're not on speaking terms with the Kaiser but we're going to hint to official London that his motive in torpedoing the Arabic was to put it out of the arms carrying trade.

Incidentally, the Kaiser's generals have reiterated his warning that people traveling on ships engaged in British war business ought to be careful. Some time, official London is going to catch up with the Kaiser's idea that war is war.

PEOPLE ARE CHEAPER.
A New York woman has just buried a bulldog in a \$150 coffin. Over in potter's field they are stowing human bodies away by the score at \$7.50 per stow.

Maybe the industrial relations committee had some of such stunts in mind when it made its minority recommendation that estates of over \$1,000,000 be returned to the state for more equal distribution.

THE NICE POINT.
England has placed large orders for shells with Switzerland. Germany has done the same thing. Neither country alleges violation of Switzerland's neutrality thereby. Germany has an open door to Switzerland; so has England, which makes all the difference in the world. Get the point?

Salem, Ore., reports that it has shipped eastward three carloads of loganberry juice. And yet about 900 eastern people out of every 1,000 don't know what the stuff looks, tastes or smells like. Most of them never even heard the word "loganberry." If I. I. is so wonderful a beverage as certain sections of the west seem to think it, why doesn't it get a little intelligent publicity?

George Gould, according to the statement of his attorneys, still enjoys an income of \$500,000 per annum. If he doesn't go to buying railroads again he may be able to worry along for some time yet.

American Bar association sidetracked until 1916 the question of admitting women lawyers to membership. Any time any lawyers decide anything right off, please wake us.

Norway impudently accuses the Kaiser of robbing her mails. Some of the new features about this new sort of war do make folks kick.

EVERYBODY GETTING NEW NOVEL.

"Fetters of Freedom" to Be An Exceedingly Popular Book in Fiction Series.

The rush for "Fetters of Freedom," Cyrus Townsend Brady's masterpiece, has already set in. Thousands are applying for the book, and if you have overlooked clipping the coupon from the big announcement in last Sunday's News-Times you had better do so at once, as newsdealers are having trouble in getting the papers fast enough for eager coupon clippers. These books, which the News-Times is distributing to its readers for the Sunday coupon and a small gift amount—less than one-fourth its regular price—are all standard sized novels, selected from among the best sellers of high grade fiction sold at the stores from \$1.25 up. They are bound in cloth, printed from the original plates, with handsomely colored jackets. The "Fetters of Freedom" is further embellished with beautiful full page color plates by noted artists. The News-Times plan for popularizing standard, high grade, copyrighted fiction has struck a responsive chord in our readers as is evidenced by the great rush for these beautiful books. Clip the coupon before it is too late.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

AIN'T ITTLE?

My wife just bought a cam-a-ree, with which she takes snap shots of me. One day last week we went to Niles. And there were men at driving piles. To back a stream that flows, you know.

And empties in the Old St. Joe. Well there I posed, she took me to. And stood until my wife was through; The picture causes lot of fun, It shows the piles, and I am one.

We went to visit Dad one day; Now Dad he has a drove of hogs; Confined within a pen of logs. On which we gazed in silent awe, My wife and self and mother-in-law. And ere I knew the little trick My wife would play, I heard a creak. This picture brings tears to my eye, A picking out which pig am I.

And once we strolled into the park, My wife desired a little lark; She took her cam-a-ree along, A thing perhaps that wasn't wrong. And just as we approached the stream She gave a sort of joyous scream, And posted me in fashion old To remain quiet, I was told. This picture shows a stream, a tree, The blur therein she says is me.

WRIGHT ATTEM.

WE are perplexed to know whether wearing furs in August is an affection or the sign of an affection. Of reflection, however, we are inclined to think it is infection.

THIS diplomacy is like some diseases. You itch or ache in one place when the trouble is in another. While we have been scratching Germany the real seat of trouble is in Great Britain.

Mercy.

There is apprehension in the air, also, about the new millinery. There is no longer any doubt that the autumn hats will be almost brimless and unusually high.

GERMANY A VICTIM OF STATE HYPNOTISM

Written by His Highness, Prince Eugene Trubekoy, Professor of Jurisprudence of the University of Moscow.

Reply by Sam J. Unger.

Your Highness' article recently published under above headline created more than ordinary amount of amusement and laughter among German-Americans and Americans familiar with Germany's people, its customs, laws, etc.

So your Highness really thinks that the German people are rather hypnotized by their government. Well, then let us look into this sort of hypnotism, as you choose to call it, and compare it a trifle with what all the world without exception calls "Russian Tyranny." In Germany you stare everyone calls each other by some title or other, while in Russia, however, one calls each other by their Christian names—if that is possible—but you carefully omitted that famous or rather infamous little greeting, "Y-T-M," that usually, if not in all cases, goes with it when people address one another or speak to each other in the ordinary innocent way of conversation, without it it seems the Russian language would have no taste for Russians. Won't you admit my dear little prince that there is no nation under the face of the globe that can boast of anything as foul and vile used by high and low among your people? I might suffer most any other kind of pick laws, and faults, or make comments on Germany and its people, but veto the Russian with its darkness of night hovering over the minds of its pauperized, down-trodden, stupid inhabitants, where autocrats are daily committing atrocious acts of every description, especially by the princely tribe of which you have the honor to be a member, and you Prince Eugene yet dare to speak of crimes committed by Germans supposedly in Belgium, all of which have been found wanting the stamp of truth, but only proved to be manufactured falsehoods and libel for not a single one of those so-called acts of the reign of terror have been found to be manufactured and hatched out by the British press in London.

What about on the other hand of your noble followers who composed the "Russian steam roller," can their acts of bestiality possibly be described without ignoring the laws of decency, say nothing about humanity? Our honorable Russian Statesman, Mr. Albert Beveridge, who has seen the handy work left behind by your friends the retreating cowardly cossacks, the main support of the tattering, tumbling, Russ throne, none of them, your noble ally, the British press dare make mention of.

But speaking of "state hypnotism," your Highness' interpreter has evidently picked the wrong word for your translation, there is a far more fitting one available if you had taken the pains to find it or had you followed yourself to be governed by a sense of justice in your criticism; that little word is not "hypnotism," Oh, no, it merely spells "Loyalty," nothing more or less.

Germany's people are attached to their government by strains of pure love, and devotion to their Fatherland and undying fealty to the Kaiser. Rather a different state of affairs than the relationship existing between the government of your Highness' little father's tyranny and its pauperized musketeers, postmen, sergeants and a Siberia full of shackled, starved, beaten, deceased exiles.

You might in your next article my noble prince and professor of jurisprudence also criticize Germany for having none of your grand institutions, such as Schlusseiburg, Kremel, Exile-transport, Pogroms and last but not least a Siberia, a mammoth prison of every ideal, every noble thought, every possible means tending the uplift of your degenerated race, where hundreds of thousands of your most human hearts have beat their last and rivers of tears of noble martyrs run over the earth.

That isn't all you can criticize Germany with, blame its Teutonic culture to be responsible for having given the world a "Heidelberg," a "Jena," "Dona," "Teubinger" and many other places of art and knowledge and men such as Schiller, Goethe, Kant, Heine, Wagner, Mozart and Beethoven. Though it might be said that once there lived a Tolstoy, who tried with all his might to force the sunshine of higher inspiration into darkest Russia, but the little father, or rather

HUMAN sympathy is a wonderful thing. Without it life would be a grizzly thing. "Shingles!" the neighbor woman exclaimed as she entered the sick room. "Ain't that awful! Don't let 'em get in your eye. I knew a woman who had shingles, and they got in her eye and put it out." "Yes, and that ain't the worst of it," chimed in another sympathizing neighbor. "If the shingles ever get clear around you they'll kill you sure."

The Last Knock.

(E. W. Howe in the Atchison Globe.)
"When I die," Marsh Edison said lately, "I want six of my worst enemies to be my pallbearers; it is such a disagreeable job."

FROSTS are advertised by northern Michigan resorts, and the appeal to have frosts should help some.

QUEER war paradoxes. Milwaukee Germans urging Roosevelt to join the allies.

John and Bill went out to kill, And got a flying starter; But John "laid down," so Bill whirled "round" And slapped it to the Tartar. HOS.

THE weather bureau is responsible for the forecasts of warmer weather, if it is responsible for anything.

YES, the U. S. is helpless, and has always been helpless until the time came to help itself. Still, we approve of more extensive preparations for defense. Go ahead with the work.

GETTING so it's hard to find a man who hasn't signed up for the Country club or who isn't going to. The results illustrate the power of a good proposition backed by energy.

BACK from your vacation and glad of it, eh?

WE'RE glad we didn't go.

C. N. F.

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